

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



ARTHUR REACHES THE TRAPPER'S CAMP.

**CEDAR CREEK;**  
FROM THE SHANTY TO THE SETTLEMENT.  
A TALE OF CANADIAN LIFE.  
CHAPTER XVII.—THE MARTEN-TRAP.

A DEAD silence ensued. Arthur doubted whether he had seen or heard aright—whether it had not been the fascination of some wild dream that had held him spell-bound. The doubt was hardly formed

when it was shattered by another as hideous burst of yells as ever affrighted human ear. Far through the black archways of the forest rang the savage sound, in unrelenting fierceness sufficient to curdle the blood of every living thing within reach. Even the lord of the creation aloft in his tree, shivered and confessed honestly (to himself) that his prowess would be at fault were a pack of wolves on his track.

His sleep was not worth much, after such an arousing. Though the woods became again still and black as a fossil forest of the Coal Measures, hours passed before he could close his eyes. And then a dream of himself as the wolves' quarry, was perhaps more exciting than perfect wakefulness would have been.

Dull and slow dawned the November morning among the trees: broad daylight on their tops, when but a twilight reached the earth, sixty or eighty feet below. Arthur found himself rather stiff and chill after his unwonted night's lodging; he tried to gather up the brands of the evening's fire, which had sunk hours before into grey ashes, that he might at least warm himself before proceeding further. Simultaneously with its kindling appeared the sun—oh, welcome sight—and shot a golden arrow aslant a line of trees. Then was revealed to Arthur the mossy secret of wood-craft, that the north side bears a covering withheld from the south; for he perceived that, viewed in the aggregate, the partial greenery on the various barks was very distinct. Examining individual trunks would not show this; but looking at a mass, the fact was evident.

Now he knew the points of the compass; but of what practical avail was his knowledge? Whether he had wandered from the shanty to the north, south, east, or west, was only conjecture. How could that creek have led him astray? He must have crossed the rising ground separating two water-sheds—that sloping towards his own lake and towards some other. There flowed the little stream noiselessly, sucked into the swampy cypress grove: of course it got out somewhere at the other side; but as to following it any further into the dismal tangled recesses, with only a chance of emergence in a right direction, he felt disinclined to try.

No breakfast for him but a drink of water; though with carnivorous eyes he saw the pretty speckled trout glide through the brown pool where he dipped his hand; and he crossed the creek over a fallen tree, ascending to the eastward. He could not be insensible to the beauty of nature this morning—to the majesty of the mighty forest, standing in still solemnity over the face of the earth. Magnificent repose! The world seemed not yet awakened; the air was motionless as crystal; the infinitely coloured foliage clung to maples and aspens—tattered relics of the royal raiment of summer. The olden awe overshadowed Arthur's heart; his Creator's presence permeated these sublime works of Deity. Alone in the untrodden woods, his soul recognised its God; and a certain degree of freedom from anxiety was the result. Personal effort was not his sole dependence, since he had felt that God was present, and powerful.

Shortly he noticed, by the crushed twigs at the side of the path, and the trampled leaves underfoot, that he had come upon some trail. Could hunters have passed by this way? But he looked in vain for the pressure of a human foot. Following carefully the confused marks, he came to a glade among the trees, a sort of *cul-de-sac*, shut up at the further end by an apparently impenetrable thicket of thorn

and sumach, close to which a large lean dog was mumbering at some white bones. Surely it was the site of a camp; and men could not be far distant when their dog had not finished his meal. Arthur was pleasurably expectant, and began to use every term of canine language which occurred to him as likely to win the confidence of a Canadian dog; but the stolid animal took no heed, save by the glance of a most untamed eye, as he turned over the horned skull between his paws. No creature that ever had been subjugated by man could cast such a savage glance! The bushy tail and gaunt body suddenly flashed the truth upon Arthur; he had come unawares to the wolves' midnight banqueting hall, and disturbed one of the late carousers over the skeleton of the hapless deer. To both parties the rencontre was unwelcome as could be; for Arthur had but a couple of charges of powder left, and was imbued with a wholesome dread of the rest of the pack; and the wolf, being an arrant coward, never thought of showing fight, though he grinned ferociously as he slunk away.

Truly they had made a clean finish of the deer! Only the larger bones, unmanageable by even their powerful jaws, remained on the ground, polished and white as ivory, where last the poor ruminant had turned at bay. It was an uncanny spot, and Arthur made his way out of it swiftly—no impeachment to his courage therefor.

Still he kept on to the south-east, hoping at last to strike some of the inhabited townships; and the unvarying solidity of forest was well-nigh disheartening him when he saw, after several miles walking, the distinctly-defined imprint of a man's foot on some clayey soil near a clump of chestnut trees. Yes, there could be no mistake: some person had passed not long since; and though the tracks led away considerably from the south-eastern direction he had hitherto kept, he turned, without hesitation, to follow them, and proceeded as rapidly as possible, in hope of overtaking the solitary pedestrian, whoever he might be. He shouted aloud; he sang some staves of various familiar old songs, but no response from other human voice came, anxiously as he listened for such echo. But the footmarks were before his eyes as tangible evidence; he had got very sharp by this time at detecting the pressure of a heel on the dead leaves, or the displacement of a plant by quick steps. The tracks must lead to something. Certainly, they led to a creek.

Impossible! It cannot be that he has followed his own footprints of yesterday! Planting his boot firmly on the bank beside the other mark, he compared the twain. A glance was enough: the impressions were identical.

The bewildered feeling of one in a labyrinth recurred. He saw nothing better for it than to return to the point whence he had diverged to follow the tracks. He now remembered having made this détour the previous day, to avoid cutting his way through a dense underwood on the bank of the stream.

Nigh an hour had been lost by this delusive retracing of footmarks. He thought that if he climbed the highest tree he could find, he would be

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able to get a bird's-eye view of the country round. Oh that he might behold some islet of clearing amid the ocean of woods!

To reach the branches of any of the largest trees was the difficulty; for the smooth shaft of a massive marble pillar would be as easily climbed as the trunks of some arboreal giants here, rising fifty feet clear of boughs. However, by swinging from the smaller trees, he accomplished his object, and saw beneath him on all sides the vast continuity of forest.

Desert could not be lonelier nor more monotonous. No glimmer even of distant lake on the horizon; no brown spots of clearing; no variety, save the autumn coat of many colours, contrasted with sombre patches of pine. Stay—was not that a faint haze of smoke yonder? a light bluish mist floating over a particular spot, hardly moving in the still air. Arthur carefully noted the direction, and came down from his observatory on the run. He was confident there must be a trapper's fire, or a camp, or some other traces of humanity where that thin haze hung. He could not be balked this time. Hope, which is verily a beauteous hydra in the young breast, revived again in strength. If he only had somewhat to eat, he wouldn't mind the long tramp before him. Beechmast rather increased than appeased his hunger; and nothing came in view that could be shot.

He had not walked far, when a sharp wild cry, as of some small animal in pain, struck his ear. Pushing away the brush at the left, he saw the cause—a little dark furry creature hanging to a sapling, as it seemed—and at his appearance the struggles to escape were redoubled, and the weakly cries of fear became more piteous. Arthur perceived that to the top of the sapling was fastened a steel snap-trap, claspings a fore-paw in its cruel teeth, and that each convulsive effort to get free only set the animal dangling in the air, as a trout is played from a rod. Hopelessly snared, indeed, was the poor marten; he had not even the resource of parting with his paw, which, had he had any "purchase" to strive against, would probably have been his choice. By what blandishments of bait he had ever been seduced into his present melancholy position was out of Arthur's power to imagine.

But now at least it was beyond all doubt that men were near. Raising his eyes from inspection of the marten-trap, he saw on a tree close by a freshly-cut blaze. Some rods farther on he could see another. Now a question arose, which way should he follow the line?—one end was probably in pathless forest. He concluded to take that direction which suited the smoke he had seen.

He wondered what blazed line this was—whether marking the side lots of a concession, or a hunter's private road through the woods. Presently, at a little distance, the sight of a man's figure, stooping, almost made his heart leap into his mouth. How lonely he had been, how almost desperate at times, he had not fully known till this his deliverance. Oh that blessed human form! be he the rudest trapper or Indian, Arthur could have embraced him. Much more when, the face being lifted from

examining the trap, and fixing its eyes with a very astonished stare on the approaching figure, Arthur recognised the shrewd features of Peter Logan.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—SNARING FELTRIES.

"I DECLAR, if you hain't 'most skeered me!" was Peter's exclamation. "For sartin, I never seen a ghost, but it looked like enough this time. Now, do tell what brought you so far from hum? Thirteen mile, if it's a rod? You ain't lookin' partic'ler spry, anyhow. Now, Arthur, doesn't poor lad, doesn't."

For he could not speak during a minute or two; his arm pressed heavily on the backwoodsman's sturdy shoulder, in the effort to steady the strong trembling that shook him from head to foot like a spasm of ague.

"Lost in the bush, you war? Well, that ain't agreeable no-how exactly;" and Peter betook himself to a fumbling in his capacious pocket for a tin flask, containing some reviving fluid. "Here, take a pull—this'll fix you all right. Warn't it wonderful that I went my road of traps when I did, instead of early this mornin'. There's a providence in that, for sartin."

Deep in Arthur's heart, he acknowledged the same truth gratefully.

"You've got a plaguey touch of ague, likely," added Peter considerably, willing to shift the responsibility of that trembling from the mind to the body; "campin' out is chill enough these nights. I han't much furdur to go to the end of my blaze, and then I'll be back with you. So will you wait or come along?"

Arthur had too lately found human company, to be willing to relinquish it even with certainty of its return; he dreaded nothing so much as the same solitude whence he had just emerged; therefore he followed Peter, who over his shoulder carried a bag containing various bodies of minks, fishers, and other furry animals, snared in his traps, and subsequently knocked on the head by his tough service-rod.

"Kinder better, ain't you? Ha, here's a gin with a paw in it. That's too bad; but the sapling's the only certain way of catching the critters alive." However, he reset the trap, covering it with leaves, and laying a bait of venison offal on top. Then he beat through the neighbouring thicket, but unsuccessfully.

"After all, 'twas only a fisher, an' he ain't worth cryin' for; he's the biggest an' the least vallyable of the martens. But do tell how you kem to be lost?" The story was soon narrated, with interjections from Mr. Logan.

"That warn't a bad thought o' yourn, to tree for the night. Your fire was badly built, or 'twould ha' skeered the varmint. Wolves are the most tremenjous villains going, when they gets in a pack, but by themselves they're reglar cowards, an' make off from a man quick as wink, 'most as if they knew there was a reward for their thievish scalps."

"A reward!" said Arthur, his memory recurring to the days of the Welsh tribute of wolves' heads. "Then I've missed a good chance of it



to-day;" and he told of the meeting over the buck's bones.

"Six dollars out of your pocket, anyhow," responded Peter. He further informed Arthur that, according to an Act of the provincial parliament, the aforesaid sum must be paid by the county treasurer to him who produces a wolf-certificate, signed by a magistrate; and the magistrate was bound to furnish such certificate, on being presented with the scalp of the animal as a guarantee of its actual slaughter.

"So you may guess the critters have got a pretty considerable huntin' down," continued Peter; "twas a 'cute plan for thinning 'em, I reckon. If you live fifty years in the bush, you mightn't come across a pack again; an' no loss, for they're as ugly customers as a feller could have about his camp of a night."

The small sharp cry again; but Arthur sprang forward before the trapper's wiping-rod could strike its death-blow. "Stop," he exclaimed; "you must let me buy its life, for it saved mine." Peter stared. "I would probably have missed the road of traps only for its cry," explained young Wynn.

"Well, that's but kinder fair," said Logan, after a minute's hesitation; "though the critter's a marten, vallyable peltry on its back, an' the broken paw to prevent its livin' as it's been used to—"

"Never mind, I'll take it home," said Arthur, disengaging the leg by which the little animal hung. "I'll give you something in exchange for it, Logan; you shan't be the loser;" and so Peter bent his sapling again to the ground, fastening it down slightly with a notched peg, which would fly up when the bait in the trap was stirred, and play the prey as before.

Peter evidently thought his companion's action a rather quixotic humanity; and when the marten bit and scratched till it was let limp away among the brush, he rather chuckled.

"There's the critter's gratitude," he said; "if I'd ha' given it a tap, 'twould ha' lain quiet enough. I guess I'll catch it to-morrow by the other paw; for its kinder wonderful how the critters don't never larn by experience, but walk into the same snares since creation."

His next trap was of the species technically called "a dead fall;" being a heavy stick supported on others, in such a way that the animal which snatches at the bait pulls down the falling pole across its own neck, with deadly effect.

"Here's a mink," said Logan, holding up the small brown creature, resembling a diminutive otter. "Now one trap more, and we're at the end of the blaze." He might have stopped at the mink, for the next gin, though sprung, was empty.

"I reckon we'll break up camp to-morrow, for the peltries on this line are mostly gathered. Fur's getting a powerful sight scarcer than it used to be. The bush was alive with minks an' martens twenty year ago. Now we've good four mile to the camp along; but it's clear walking: no swamps or creeks to wade."

Arthur could have deemed the distance eight miles, and perhaps it was, for trappers' measurements are rarely according to statute lengths.

Logan's various shooting excursions to right and left of the line must have doubled the trudge for himself. Never was Arthur so thoroughly done up as when they reached the camp; he could only fling himself beneath the wigwam of boughs and birchen bark, almost too weary to be hungry or sleepy, while Logan extemporized the evening meal from the day's game.

"Ina's a long time comin'; I guess we'll take supper without him. He's my mate when I goes a-trappin'; an' though I say it, there ain't two better hands in all Canada at the business. You see, before I became kinder soft on Mary, an' was obligated to settle down as a family man, I got them rovin' habits. Ho! so you're come back, ole chap!"

This apostrophe was addressed to the figure which now loomed out of the surrounding dusk, (for the sun had sunk an hour ago,) and stood revealed by the ruddy firelight. No cap or other head-gear wore the half-breed hunter Ina, because that a thick flat mass of dark grizzled hair was thatch impervious to sun or rain; and the face underneath seemed firm enough to have been carved from iron-wood. Something in the warm tint of his skin, and the aquiline contour of feature, suggested his Indian ancestry; something also in the well-knit lofty form, statuesque of proportion; while the other branch of his double blood had lowered the cheek-bone and enlarged the raven eye. A coarse red shirt covered his muscular shoulders; the brown massive cheek was beardless, and the lips met with a clever, cruel curve.

"Well, Ina, traps sprung?" inquired Peter, looking up from the pan where various limbs of wood-duck were frying.

The other nodded, flung down his bag, and eliminated its contents. "Only two martens out o' the lot," said he, speaking as if his mouth were already full of something semi-solid.

"I've had better luck: three martens, four fishers, a mink, an' two stoats, besides this big feller, that was cotched in a bigger kind o' trap." Ina glanced at Arthur for a moment, but seemed incapable of relaxing into a smile: he simply uttered a grunt.

"The lad went an' got hisself lost in the bush," Grunt second, as a pinion of the frying fowl disappeared in the trapper's capacious maw. "I told you of the new settlers come to lot nine, fifteenth concession, where the cedar swamp edges the pond? Gentle-folk they be; he's one of 'em." Grunt third. "'Twarn't no sort o' use to make tracks for him this evenin', don't you think, Ina? So I kept him here."

To this, as well as to any subsequent communication made by Logan, his fellow trapper returned no answer whatever. Paucity of words and ironness of nerves were among his Indian heritage. He seemed devoid of curiosity, or indeed of any other springs of emotion unconnected with hunting and furs.

Once Arthur saw his impassibility roused to a degree of excitement. It was next day, after they had broken up camp and shouldered their traps with the intention to shift the centre of operations. Some way along, a rustling in the brush was followed by the outburst of a superb black fox.

The trappers rushed simultaneously in the direction he had taken during his momentary appearance, a storm of ejaculations proceeding from both. Arthur understood their anxiety, when he learned afterwards that the skin would have fetched at least ten guineas. Reynard retained it for that time, and doubtless deemed himself fortunate to remain in possession.

"Ina wouldn't fire when he might," said Peter with some disgust; "because he couldn't get a fair shot at the eye, an' was afeard of spilin' the fur. I wish 'twas I had the chance."

"That black fox will be mine," asserted Ina: "by trap or shot I'll have him yet."

"See if he doesn't," added Peter, as the erect figure of the half-Indian marched in front, stately as if his load of blankets and traps—some eighty pounds—were the merest bagatelle of burden. "That skin'll never belong to nobody else but Ina Moose, if he had to camp out a month, waitin' an' watchin'. It's a rael uncommon fine one, an' black fox is gittin' up in the market of late."

A surveyor's post, on which was legibly written the names of four townships, was the signal for the separation of the party. Arthur turned his face towards civilization, along a blazed boundary line. The others plunged deeper into the woods, walking in the unsociable Indian file.

## MEN I HAVE KNOWN.

### GIFFORD OF THE "QUARTERLY."

WILLIAM GIFFORD, born of parents in very lowly condition, in a small provincial town, was left an orphan. What desolateness is in that word—an orphan! but, in this instance,

"Strong as necessity he starts away,"

being shipped in the coasting service, to be out of the silent and helpless appeal for cares, and sympathies, and succours—a sea-boy "on the high and giddy mast." Anything for daily bread to the poor little lad, whom his parents (petty shopkeepers, living as they could from day to day) had left at twelve years of age, utterly unprovided for, and hardly acquainted with the mere rudiments of humble education. The sea was a sad nurse for his delicate frame, and he was forced to relinquish his wretched occupation. Again thrown upon the hard world, he was bound apprentice to a shoemaker, and associated and fared with the humblest rank. To his twentieth year he remained in the circumscribed place of his nativity, inferior even there to most of his contemporaries, whose means enabled them to enjoy a moderate share of schooling. But there was born with him the spark of intellectual power, which chill poverty could not extinguish, and which only needed the lightest fanning of a breath to wake into flame, and the aid of a helping hand to kindle into a fire, which should illuminate the present, and live in future times. That he did not lisp in numbers he has told us in his preface to "Juvenal;" but he seems to have stammered in them (as the "old cobbler who sat in his stall"), and these rude effusions attracted, at least,

the attention and praise of his companions, to whom he was called upon to repeat them—not having paper whereon to write, and (as he insinuates) not being very competent to perform the scriptorial office if he had.

When in his twentieth year, Mr. William Cookesley, a surgeon in Ashburton, was struck by the talent evinced in some of the "attempts at rhyme" which reached his notice; and, having circulated them in this superior circle, got up a subscription to purchase the remaining term of his indentures, and enable him to "improve himself in English and grammar." The spark was now fairly lighted to the open air, and the friends of the laughingly called "Free-booter to the Muses" sent him to Oxford, where he speedily and impressively distinguished himself among the foremost of its most assiduous and successful *alumni*. Having thereby recommended himself to the attention of Lord Grosvenor, he was selected to accompany his son, Lord Belgrave, on his travels over the continent, during which he stored his capacious mind with information of vast use to him in all his after life.

On his return, he devoted himself to literature, and settled in London, where very few literary careers were ever so unclouded. And he deserved all his reward. I discuss not opinions, but I speak of a man of extraordinary natural talents and wonderfully cultivated ability, fixedly taking his line, and earnestly pursuing the course he deemed right in criticism, politics, and morals. Never was public taste at a lower ebb than when his biting imitation of the satire of Persius, under the title of the "Baviad," demolished the fantastical Della Cruscan school, the silliest successor of the preceding pastoral inanity of fashionable writers; nor when the "Maviad" exercised like justice upon the degradation of the drama, without even a pretence "to hold the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, and scorn her own image."

The horrors of the French revolution had filled millions with dread, and Gifford, in the brilliant, short-lived "Anti-Jacobin," as afterwards in the more stable "Quarterly Review," devoted all his energies to combat the principles which he believed to be vicious and dangerous. His share in stemming the torrent of anarchy and infidelity had immense influence on the age, and the cause he espoused never had a stouter or more effective champion. He was consequently exposed to severe censure from those who differed from him in politics, and accused of every error and even crime, except inconsistency. He was a rich scholar, and despised charlatanry; a conservative, and feared change; a virtuous man, and detested flagrant vice; a man who abhorred impiety, and energetically and conscientiously acted up to the best of his belief, under the ensign, "Dieu defend le droit."

With regard to William Gifford as an author, posterity will speak when studying his vigorous translation of "Juvenal," his editions of Massinger, Ben Jonson, and other old dramatists, displaying great literary sagacity and acumen. But his position of influence in his own day was the editorship of the "Quarterly Review," where, fighting cou-

rageously for his side, in times of fierce party politics, he raised against himself a host of enemies. Yet withal was William Gifford a gentle creature. When not impelled by what he felt to be an obligation of duty, human or divine, his heart was filled with kindness for the whole world; he was compassionate to the poor, liberal towards his brethren of the pen, blameless in every relation of domestic and social life, his information vast, his manners most simple, his conversation most instructive. He might, indeed, be compared to a fine river, flowing smoothly through delightful scenery, till some gross obstruction was interposed to its course, when it boiled off furiously in whirlpools and overwhelming floods, crushing and demolishing all in its way, and then regaining its wonted channel and cherished banks in tranquil order and peace. Such was the difference between the private man and the public writer.

Tried by the strictest rules, the just and candid among parties most adverse to him must allow that his critical writings were addressed to the correction of bad taste, or what, in his judgment, he esteemed to be pernicious doctrines, hostile to national safety and public morality, and that he never wrote a line derelict of honest purpose, patriotism, virtue, and Christianity. Unquestionably there was little of suavity in his strictures; but he was one who thought that every thing valuable to mankind was at stake, and he ought not to qualify the rebuke which might alleviate the calamity if it could not avert it. Always of a delicate constitution and a slender person, he yet never relaxed in his literary labours, and thus made his living reputation and established his lasting fame. His intellect had room and verge enough in his massive head; and though by many he was thought "the best-natured man with the worst-natured Muse," I, who knew him well, can aver that his heart was humane and his soul forgiving. The lesson of his life lies chiefly in this, that with persevering industry, under difficulties apparently insurmountable, he richly endowed a mind by nature capacious; and having improved to the utmost the intellectual talents with which he was gifted, he used them conscientiously in the service of his country and mankind.

### THE CAPITOL OF RICHMOND;

OR, A DAY IN THE VIRGINIA GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN AMERICA."

High up on a steep hill, overlooking a richly cultivated plain watered by the James River, the Virginians have erected their State House. The architect evidently started with a grand idea of the Parthenon, which, becoming confused as he advanced, developed itself in a large staring polished white marble edifice in the newest extreme of the Græco-American style, with Corinthian columns and factory windows. The ascent to the grand portico is by a long flight of steps, like all else, of white marble, guarded by fine full-length figures of Patrick Henry and Jefferson.

It was a strange transition from the illustrious

dead to their descendants, when we entered the Senate, although we were prepared for some degeneracy, at least in manners, by the copious libations of tobacco juice with which the steps were watered. Outside the Senate Chamber were senators "standing at ease" chewing tobacco, the juice of which was constantly hissing on a large stove heated red hot, guarded by a very dirty negro sound asleep. These senators were surrounded by "lobbyists"—those pests of American popular assemblies, who, as principals or agents for bills, try to purchase the votes of members *pro* or *con*. The Senate Chamber is a tolerably sized room, with the president's chair under a faded velvet canopy at one end, and at the other a corridor for promenading, with a strangers' gallery above. Ten desks, each accommodating four senators, face the president's chair, and each senator is provided with writing materials, a book of "precedents," and a large spittoon. Whether the pieces of wood, which at some time or other nearly every senator was engaged in whittling, are also in the estimates, we do not pretend to say.

Having the "privilege of the floor," the sergeant-at-arms escorted us to some vacant seats, and, with an utterance greatly impeded by tobacco, named the leading notabilities. The forty senators have all attained the age of thirty-five, and have mostly served an apprenticeship in the nether House of Delegates. Their social status may be briefly indicated by saying that nearly the whole of them keep what are popularly termed "lawyers' shops" in their several counties. Tobacco and whittling were the most impressive features of the senate. There was a total absence of any apparent attention to business; some of the senators even walking about, others talking, others despatching "Buncombe" speeches to their constituents, that far-famed locality, be it remembered, being in the State of Virginia; while chewing, and whittling wood, pens, desks, or nails, were occupations carried on simultaneously with the former. The subject under discussion was the election of a prison store-keeper, and there were three nominations. But a senator started the question, whether an order of the lower House should be complied with, and seven prosy speeches were made on it, as if the weal of the world hung on the decision; and then an appeal was made to the president, and he consulted the clerk, and the clerk consulted the book of precedents, and at last some one suggested that they had better adjourn, which was carried *nem. con.*; and the senators gladly slouched off to the Hall of Delegates, where a more lively entertainment is usually provided. It was in this very assembly, then called the House of Burgesses, that Patrick Henry spoke those memorable words which roused the colonies to successful revolt, and stirred the latent patriotism of Washington; and here, too, Jefferson electrified his listeners, and laid the foundation of that popularity which afterwards carried him to the presidential chair by the votes of a free people.

The Hall of Delegates was crowded; but a jockey and a negro trader, whose professions are both held in horror by the respectable classes, at once gave up their seats to strangers. The 200 delegates were



seated at desks arranged in the form of a semi-circle, facing the speaker and the clerks. The appearance of the House was more creditable than that of the Senate. The members were, as a whole, more cleanly, and better dressed. There were several very fine intellectual looking young men belonging to what are called the "F. F. V.'s,"\* and a few members of the old aristocratic families of the State, who make this position a stepping-stone to Congress. But all had spittoons by their chairs, most were chewing the "noisome weed," and some were eating pea-nuts and throwing the shells on the floor. Many were lying with their feet over their desks; indeed, opposite to us was a whole row of boots elevated on these desks, without any view of the men to whom they might be supposed to belong.

The question was on the election of a state printer, but it had diverged from this to a vehement personal altercation about an article in the "Richmond South," and zest appeared to be given to it by the prospect of a bloody termination, the editor of the "South" being that notorious "fire-eater" who lately in Congress challenged a delegate from Illinois. The editor had strictured the administration of Mr. Buchanan, and his partisans were furious. Above the babel of voices, a man purple with rage roared forth that he had known Mr. B. all his life: "he had known him gambling among the hills of Virginia." This ludicrous mispronunciation of the almost equally ludicrous word *gambolling*, led to an excited scene. A hundred members, on their feet at once, protested that the president had never touched a card in his life, while others called the speaker "a liar," and proposed to hurl him out of the house. Then, in the wordy *mêlée*, some one spoke slightly of the grandfather of somebody else; and as the Virginians are taunted with "living on the fame of their grandfathers," the excitement rose to fever heat. In the midst of fiery eloquence and vehement gesticulation, the young man rose whose grandfather had been attacked, and, with a face livid with rage, poured forth a torrent of invective and sarcasm on the offender. He was succeeded by a member who roared till his voice became a perfectly inaudible scream; cries of "speaker, speaker," came from all parts of the hall, all the members rose turbulently from their seats, the crowds in the galleries increased the confusion, and the sound of the president's hammer was heard vainly above the din.

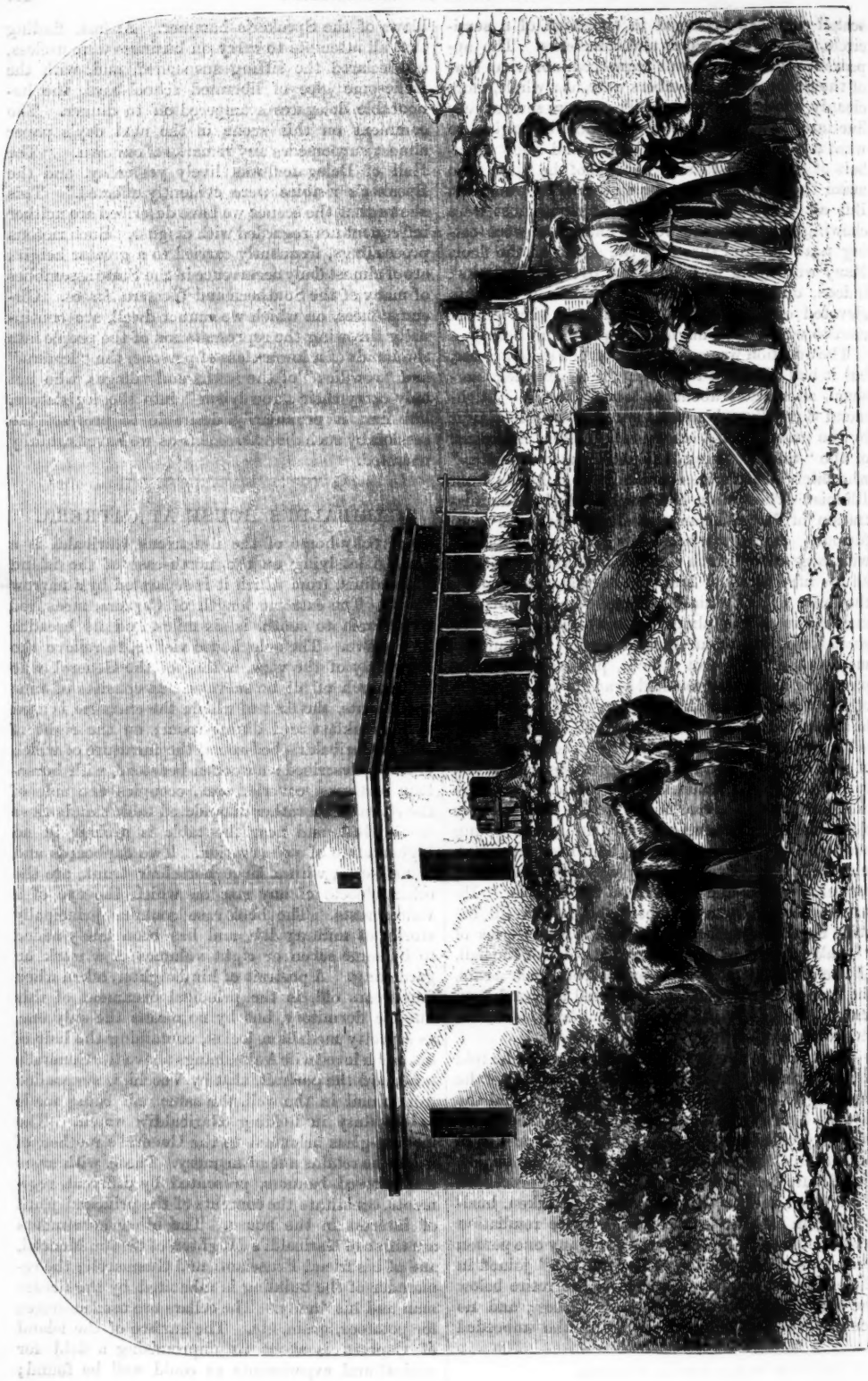
When order was in some degree restored, he told the members that they had spent the last part of the morning in doing the work of the first part, and the last two hours in doing nothing. He called on members to preserve order, or he should be compelled to call in force to sustain the authority of "the chair." The debate on the state printer was then proceeded with; but after two divisions had been taken, business again came to a dead-lock. Twice retaliation took the place of discussion; vainly any one person tried to obtain a hearing; the "rowdies" joined in the clamour; visitors were ordered to retire below the bar, but obstinately kept their places; and no sound could be distinctly heard but the unheeded

blows of the Speaker's hammer. At last, finding that all attempts to carry on business were useless, he declared the sitting suspended, and, with the frolicsome glee of liberated school-boys, the honourable delegates scampered off to dinner. The comment on this scene in the next day's paper almost supersedes any remarks of our own. "The Hall of Delegates was lively yesterday, and the Speaker's risibles were evidently affected." This shows that the scenes we have described are neither infrequent nor regarded with disgust. Such riotous proceedings, frequently carried to a greater height, are of almost daily occurrence in the State assemblies of many of the Southern and Western States. Circumstances, on which we cannot dwell, are continually throwing the representation of the people into the hands of a lower-class of persons, the "loafers" and "rowdies" of the towns and villages, who not only carry their "rowdyism" into the legislature, but find it pecuniarily desirable to protract the session by such *divertissements* as we have faithfully narrated.

#### GARIBALDI'S HOUSE AT CAPRERA.

THE rocky home of the illustrious Garibaldi is a small islet lying on the north-east of the island of Sardinia, from which it is separated by a narrow strait. The extreme length of Caprera, measured from north to south, is six miles, and its breadth nearly two. The sole house visible, to relieve the monotony of the view, is that of the General, who is monarch of all he surveys. It consists of nine apartments, the first of which, the entrance, is used as a breakfast and dining-room; on the right of this is Garibaldi's bed-room, the furniture of which is easily described: a wooden bedstead, with horse-hair mattress, coverlet, etc., occupies one side of the chamber; a rather dilapidated table stands close to the bed, and near the table is a chair in no higher state of preservation. Two cupboards and a book-case, with a large horsehair trunk, are the other objects of any size on which the eye of a visitor rests. The book-case contains principally stories of military life, and has been lately added to by some seven or eight volumes of a work on gardening. A portrait of his daughter, taken when four years old, is the principal ornament of this humble dormitory, but by no means the only one, as a pretty medallion locket, containing the hair of his much loved wife Anita, hangs above the General's head, and the portrait, that by Vecchi, is suspended from a nail in the wall, the same nail being made to do duty in holding Garibaldi's watch. The looking-glass belonged to the General's mother, of whom he retains a fond memory. These, with arms and tattered banners, presented by different regiments, constitute the contents of the principal point of interest in the house. The other apartments are those of Garibaldi's daughter, of his son Menotti, and of his friend Fruscianti, and Gusmaroli; the remainder of the building is inhabited by the herdsman and his family. The cellars are used as stores for potatoes, grain, etc. The surface of the island of Caprera is about as unpromising a field for agricultural experiments as could well be found;

\* First Families of Virginia.



GARIBALDI'S HOUSE AT CAPRERA.  
From a Photograph for "The Leisure Hour," by an Officer of H.M.S. "Humbert."



and but for the indomitable energy of the ex-dictator, there would be little produce beyond the sparse herbage which, although sufficing for the goats, would never sustain the life of the cows. Of the latter, the favourite is a beautiful cow named Brunetta, brought from Sardinia. There are two horses on the island, one an Arab, presented by Said Pacha, and sent from Cairo; the other, also a present, but from an Italian, is of less value. These, with the addition of five donkeys, each of which has his proper name, but which, being those of great people, were better unpublished, comprise the total sum of animal life subsisting on the island of Caprera.

M. Alexandre Dumas publishes the following details respecting Garibaldi, in the "Independente" of Naples:—"The General left Naples with only ten piastres in his pocket, or rather, in the pocket of Basso, his secretary. When the latter remarked that so small a sum would not last them long, Garibaldi replied: 'The harvest has been good, so we shall not want for corn; the orchards also looked promising in spring, so we shall no doubt find plenty of fruit. I left seven horses with Tecchi, to be sold; we can therefore manage very well till next campaign.' On arriving at Caprera, instead of the fairy palace and gardens described in the French journals, he found his old house, which had been imperfectly repaired in his absence by a mason, who presented his bill as soon as the General landed. As it came to more than ten piastres, Garibaldi confessed his inability to pay it. 'What!' said the mason, 'have you been the dictator of two kingdoms, and not put by enough to pay twenty-two piastres? I do not believe a word of it.' The General assured him that he had but ten, and offered to give them on account. The man refused, saying that he should appeal to the tribunals, and so the matter rests for the present. The house in question contains nine rooms, all on the ground-floor. The vestibule, which also serves as a dining-room, has the General's own room on the right. Under this room is the cistern, so that the General has a damp floor under his feet, and the rain falls on him from the roof, as the mason who was so pressing for payment had only half done his work. With all its drawbacks, however, Garibaldi likes the room so well, that he will not sleep in any other. In the middle of the house is a corkscrew staircase, leading to the terrace on the roof."

Another visitor, the artist of the "Illustrated London News," thus writes:—"The building has slight pretensions, indeed, to architectural beauty, being of the most simple construction, and, if anything, the interior is even more simple than the exterior. The "back garden" does not give one an idea of a rich and fruit-bearing soil, the staple production being stone, with which the walls separating the patches of cultivated ground are built. The whole of Caprera is one mass of rock, scattered about as though the heavens had rained a deluge of stone on the island. The small space left here and there is covered with stunted brushwood, amidst which the cattle roam at liberty, and are never collected in a shed, but make their beds where they take their meals, under the shelter of a jutting crag.

### A BARBARIAN PRINCE.

THERE has been lately published at St. Petersburg, in the "Russian Messenger," the most liberal of the Russian reviews, a memoir of the private life of a Russian nobleman. This narrative, from the pen of M. Perchersky, an author of considerable celebrity in his own country, was gathered from the dictation of the steward of the son of its hero, and has excited much attention in Russia. The steward, it must be observed, is a great admirer of the "good old times," of which the nobleman whose deeds he relates was a representative; whilst the editor of the singular record exclaims, in his introductory remarks, "Thank God we did not live a hundred years ago." These two persons may be considered very good specimens of the two principal political parties of St. Petersburg and Moscow. The one, by far the more influential, is called the Reform party; and the other, which contains nevertheless many great names, the Slavonophiles, as the cultivators of Slavonian customs and ideas style themselves. The little work, therefore, from which we are about to make some extracts, has a political purpose in view, and M. Perchersky has probably, in the spirit of a partisan, coloured rather too highly some of the facts he narrates. Yet, that the picture he has drawn of the domestic habits of Russian grandees a century ago is true in the main, is highly probable.

Alexis Yourivitch, the hero of this memoir, was one of the greatest and most wealthy of the Russian grandees. During the reign of Elizabeth he had frequented the court, and lived, it appears, the wildest and most disreputable life in St. Petersburg and Moscow. At last, getting mixed up in some political intrigue, he had felt it prudent to retire to his principality at Zaboria, where, in another style, he led an equally boisterous existence, and soon habituated himself to acknowledge no sort of law but his own will. He was in the habit of compounding for his sins by building churches and making rich presents to monasteries; and, as he was immensely wealthy, he could repeat this expiatory process as often as he thought necessary. At length, in his fancied immunity from Divine punishment, this superstitious savage reached such a point of villany, that, to quote the words of the editor, "to us of the nineteenth century, his life will seem to be a vision of some disordered intellect."

The biography of this barbarian, with many points of the most offensive kind, is not without a good deal of the ludicrous, as in the following instance. Having heard that a merchant, at the fair held annually in his village, had cheated the wife of a peasant, he went to the shop of the delinquent, took from him a whole piece of cloth and sent it to the poor woman, saying that the merchant Tchourkin offered it to her with his compliments, in consideration of her having been defrauded in the small purchase she had made. His highness added, too, that if Tchourkin did not look better after his men, he, the prince, would attend to his business in a peculiar fashion. Scarcely a week had passed when Prince Alexis heard that

the dishonest merchant had been defrauding some one who had purchased cambric at his establishment. He at once mounted his horse, galloped to the fair, and entered Tchourkin's booth.

"Ah! Tchourkin, Tchourkin, you have forgotten my orders," he began; "what a bad memory you must have, to be sure; well, there is no help for it. I gave you my word as a prince, and I must keep it. Now clear the shop."

Tchourkin and all his assistants left the shop, and the prince went behind the counter, took the measure in his hand, and screamed out in a voice that could be heard all over the fair: "Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, and see our goods. We have satins, and muslins, and all kinds of ladies' dresses, stockings, handkerchiefs, cambrics, and everything. We give excellent measure, and take fair prices. We give no change, and accept no small money from our customers. We sell our goods for just what they cost us—ready money price; but those who have no cash can have credit. If you pay, we thank you for it; if you don't, it can't be helped."

Every one in the fair rushed to the shop. Prince Alexis remained behind the counter, measuring out the stuffs by the yard and by the piece to every one who wished to be served. In three hours all the goods were sold; but the sum they produced was by no means considerable.

"There," said Prince Alexis to the merchant, "there is the ready money; but a good deal has been sold on credit. You can now exert yourself and collect the debts. My share in the affair is at an end; but mind you don't forget the two people you cheated."

The hospitality of the prince was equally magnificent and barbarous. On any great festival, many hundred persons were invited to dinner. Of these, about eighty or a hundred dined in the banquet-room, and five or six hundred in the galleries around it. At one end of the principal table sat the princess, with the most distinguished of the ladies on each side of her; at the other end the prince, surrounded by generals, governors, and other important officials. Each took his seat according to his rank; and if any assumed a place above his station, the fool or jester of the establishment was sent to pull his chair from under him. On the floor, on one side of the prince, was a tame bear about a year old, on the other a yourodeve (an idiot, considered as an inspired saintly person), with a bowl in his hand, bare-footed, dirty, and ragged. Into the bowl his highness put the contents of all sorts of dishes, with pepper, mustard, wine, and kress, and the yourodeve ate the strange ragout, singing nursery rhymes all the time. The prince used to feed Mickla, the bear, with his own hands, and would give him such a quantity of wine that the animal was scarcely able to walk. The guests in general were served on silver, but the prince, the princess, and the most distinguished, ate from gold. Behind each chair stood two waiters, and in a corner of the room were buffoons, dumb men, dwarfs, and Calmucks, waiting till dinner was over, and in the meanwhile quarrelling among themselves. Immediately after dinner the prince's health was drunk—in champagne down stairs, and in mead

and in cherry wine in the galleries. Then the musicians began to play, the vocalists to sing, the cannons were fired, the buffoons capered and tumbled around his highness, the dwarfs squeaked, even the dumb made a sort of noise, the guests broke the glasses for luck, and the bear stood up on his hind legs and growled.

After dinner the guests would go into the drawing-room, and, after partaking of some choice Hungarian wine, go to sleep. A flag, to show that their repose was not to be broken by any noise, was hoisted, and throughout Zaboria nothing was heard but the snoring of the prince and his visitors.

Even on ordinary occasions, when the prince took his siesta, not a cat in the village was allowed to mew. In the summer, every day after dinner, an arm-chair was placed in the balcony, in which the prince went to sleep, and until he awoke no one in all Zaboria dared to utter a sound, or if any one did, he was taken to the stables and flogged. One unlucky day, however, a petty gentleman in the neighbourhood, not noticing at the moment the hoisted flag, shouted out the first line of a popular song called "The Road," and, being then aware of his danger, took to his heels. The prince awoke, heated and enraged.

"Who was singing 'The Road?'" he demanded in a voice of thunder.

Search was made in every direction, but the culprit could nowhere be found.

"Who sang 'The Road?'" screamed Prince Alexis Yourivitch. The servants ran about like wild people, but did not discover any one who could be suspected of the vocal feat in question.

"Who sang 'The Road?'" yelled the prince a third time, now with a whip in his hand; "let him instantly come forward, or I will beat every one of you." But the invitation was not accepted, and then his ferocious highness, having re-entered the house, the sound of smashing was heard, and there was much destruction among looking-glasses and furniture.

To the butler and head servants an ingenious idea now occurred. They bribed one of the professional vocalists of the establishment, Vaska by name, to take the blame upon himself, as the real offender could not be found.

By this time the prince had worked himself up into a state of frenzy. He threatened to give a thousand blows, not only to each of his attendants, but even to the petty gentlemen who resided with him.

"Go and ask the young ladies also," he roared; "and if they don't know, they shall be beaten too."

"They are bringing the man, they are bringing the man," said several persons, as the butler and other persons were seen dragging Vaska along, with his hands and feet tied.

The prince sat down on a sofa, in order to judge the case. Vaska was brought forward, and the lookers-on were so terrified that they scarcely knew whether they were alive or dead.

"Did you sing 'The Road?'" demanded the inquisitor.

"I am a guilty man, your highness," was the evasive reply.

The prince was silent, and remained so for a short time. He then said: "Vaska, you have a beautiful voice;" and turning to the servants, added, "Give him an embroidered caftan and ten roubles."

Supper at Zaboria was but a repetition of dinner, with fewer dishes and more drink. After this meal, the ladies and all the gentlemen of inferior rank disappeared, and Prince Alexis, with about twenty of the most distinguished guests, went outside to the pavilion. There the host took off his coat, as a sign that every one was to be at his ease, after which drinking set in with extreme severity, and lasted often until the next morning.

Sometimes, in the midst of his sensual life, Alexis Yourivitch received what he considered a warning, though he never profited by it. One night, after a hunting party, having been overtaken by a storm, he sought refuge in the house of a friend, but was unable to sleep. It was past midnight; the wind was moaning in the chimney and howling on the roof, when the prince called to his friend Peter Alexeievitch in great alarm. He thought he heard the voice of an old comrade named Paletsky, whose death he had occasioned. "I know," he said, "it is Paletsky who is calling me, and you will soon have to bury me!"

"In that case," remarked Peter Alexeievitch, anxious to improve the occasion, "you had better think of your state."

"And what do you mean by my state?" said the prince; "have I ever robbed any one, or envied any one, or have I given little to the poor? No, Peter, I do not know of any very bad action that I have committed; yet still I am afraid to die."

"Just so, my friend; and be sure it is sin, not death, that terrifies."

This kind of conversation went on all night. "I will leave this hunt to Satan, and will go back to Zaboria, and take a farewell of my wife."

"That is right," said Peter; "though these visions mean nothing, go to Marta Petrovna, and be reconciled to her in a Christian spirit."

Then suddenly he exclaimed, "I will become a monk."

"And what will your wife do?" asked Peter Alexeievitch.

"Oh, she can go to Satan," was the wretched reply. "I only want to save my own soul. She must do as she thinks best."

"Ah prince, prince, what am I to do with you?" cried Peter in despair.

"What are you to do? Why, pray for me. I know that you are a good man, and love God; pray for me, a miserable sinner; let your holy prayers obtain remission of my sins; dreadful is the hour of death, sad is my soul."

And again he cried and moaned, and fell at Peter Alexeievitch's feet, kissing them and sobbing till he could hardly speak.

Suddenly, however, at the end of the garden the horn was sounded, and the hounds burst into full cry as they started after the foe. The prince jumped up, threw his clothes on, rushed out of the

room without even taking leave of his host, mounted his horse and galloped after the hunt.

Both from want of space, and from disinclination to dwell upon them, we must pass over the darker passages of this Russian nobleman's life of the "good old times." His excesses and violence daily increased, till, from acts of absurd and comical tyranny, they broke out into the most atrocious crimes. Among these, the worst was the murder of his own daughter-in-law, the Princess Varvara, whom, in the absence of her husband, he locked up in a pavilion, far away from every other habitation, and starved to death.

After the perpetration of this crime, he was observed to show signs of terrible remorse. Sometimes, at the end of a hunt, he would, according to custom, take his seat on a barrel of vodka, help himself with a ladle to a portion of its contents, and drink to the health of all present; when suddenly a cloud would pass over his face, the ladle would fall from his hand, and, instead of laughter, which a moment before had resounded through the field, there would be a dead silence. The prince would remain in this state of despondency for some time, when he would again brighten up and say, "I frightened you, my friends. Ah, my brother, I shall soon have to die." Then he would begin singing. Thousands of voices would join in the song, and there would be dancing, shouting, and drinking till night-fall.

On reaching home for the last time, after one of these hunts, Alexis Yourivitch had a barrel of brandy brought into the drawing-room, and drank with his peasants for a fortnight. He gave to one a diamond ring, to all costly presents, and behaved generally like a madman. At last an officer and some soldiers arrived. The prince put on his general's uniform, with the cavalry scarf across his breast, called to his servants for a cat-o'-nine tails, and prepared to receive his visitors. When they entered, he scarcely rose from his seat.

"We have come to institute a very strict inquiry respecting your conduct to the Princess Varvara, and in regard to your behaviour generally," said the major.

"And how dare you show your menial faces here?" roared the prince; "you shall be flogged, and so shall the voievod who sent you, if he dares to come."

"Be calm, prince," said the officer. "I have a party of dragoons, and I come not from the voievod, but from the empress."

The prince, on hearing these words, trembled all over, and cried out, "I am lost, I am lost," knelt at the major's feet, begged him to accept twenty thousand roubles and go, and abased himself in every way.

The officer commenced questioning him, but Alexis Yourivitch rolled his eyes like a maniac, answered incoherently, and the major, seeing that he was not in possession of his senses, determined to postpone the inquiry till the next day. The prince, in passing to his own apartment, entered the picture-gallery, but stopped and started when he saw the portrait of the Princess Varvara. He fancied he saw the head move, and fell senseless on the ground.



When he recovered a little, he ordered the servants to cover the face with black paint. He was carried to bed, and a surgeon bled him. He then asked whether the face had been painted out, and, being answered in the affirmative, he took to furious drinking, and died of delirium tremens.

The family of the princes of Zaboria is now extinct.

Prince Alexis Yourivitch was at one time so rich, that he used to reckon his plate by hundredweights and his silver roubles by barrels. But his reckless expenditure was naturally not without its effect on the estate, and his son Boris, on coming into possession, found it much encumbered. Nevertheless, the property was so enormous that it was impossible to squander it in two generations. Boris did his best towards that result, but the task was too great for him. He went through life like "a fine old Russian gentleman, all of the olden time," and died of indigestion after a sumptuous dinner at his club. His successor, Daniel Borisovitch, inherited three thousand "souls." He endeavoured, at first, to mend the fortunes of the family, but that was impossible, as the new lord himself had expensive tastes, or rather ideas. He lived for many years in France, with Prince Woronzoff's embassy. He was a man of progress. Like the Emperor Alexander, he was enlightened by Christian principles, and subscribed large sums to the Russian Bible Society. On his death, the family coffers contained the sum of twelve roubles and fifty copeiks. The estate, a few years ago, was brought to the hammer, and the son of a former waiter at the village tavern became the proprietor of the mansion and lands of the once illustrious princes of Zaboria.

#### KENSAL GREEN CEMETERY.

"The man, how wise, who, sick of gaudy scenes,  
Is led by choice to take his favourite walk  
Beneath Death's gloomy, silent, cypress shades—  
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,  
Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs."

THE burial yards and nooks within the densely-inhabited confines of the metropolis had been for centuries a reproach to civilization. Unsuggestive of one musing melancholy thought, or of one moral or religious reflection, they were heedlessly trodden by busy feet, and broken up, when occasion required, for the reception of the dead, to expose the utterly disgusting fragments of preceding humanity. None paused tearfully there, to recall the cherished memory of sleepers below; even curiosity ceased to loiter in search of reminiscences of departed celebrity. They were dreary blanks, hardly concealing the horrible wealth of corruption, with the heedless animation of business and idleness recklessly moving upon their surface.

At last the dictates of decency, aided by the alarm of danger, produced the adoption of cemeteries in rural districts; and righteous feelings and fears of plague have delivered London from this abomination, and studded the country round about with suitable grounds for the interment of those lost to us on earth, in a manner not repugnant to the soothing emotions of mourning nature.

In one of these fast-filling places I am occasionally led, from various causes, to take my solitary walk, to muse upon the past and the present, and send my thoughts, I hope beneficially, towards the future; and if the reader will accompany me to Kensal Green, I trust it may not be without advantage. At the same time, I am aware that any description of gloomy terrors, or of pensive sentiment, would neither be fit for the leisure hour of many readers, nor agreeable to those who, with perfect propriety and good sense, look for more solemn teaching where it is appointed to be inculcated; and therefore, without being light or regardless, I propose to myself to be, as far as the subject will allow, the painter of some of the very miscellaneous features which this cemetery presents to the sight and mind's eye of the thoughtful wanderer within its saddening yet not cheerless bounds. In an age when Young's "Night Thoughts," and Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs," are almost unopened books throughout the millions of London, I could hardly expect my readers to listen to any imitative gloom or sympathetic sensibility.

It is a fine day of autumn; the sere and yellow leaves on the trees are tinting the landscape, and some are flickering down to the earth in withered nothingness. I enter the massive gate, and the white city of the dead is spread out as on a map before me. A vast multitude of monuments and gravestones speak like oracles amid the silence, and the more prominent erections may be conceived to be the temples that raise their heads on high above the ordinary dwellings of living men, as here among the humbler tombs. The impression is solemn, though vague, as all general impressions are; and you must thread your steps through the labyrinth of individual record before you can fully feel the deep interest of the quiet inclosure, wherein so many of the weary rest, so many warm affections are buried, so much misery sleeps! And yet, a few sad signs occur to prove how soon the world can forget, and how poor indeed have been the strongest incarnations of importance, vanity, ambition, and every other self-passion, since even the purer ties of gratitude, veneration, and love have, with a little time, ceased to occupy so marked a space in that inexpressible category which was to last for ever. It is enough if a tender memory remain.

Like most public or demi-public resorts in our free country, there often occur some petty matters to jar against the mood in which they are sought. Of this vexing discord I immediately stumbled against an instance. It was a board, by which I was warned of the Act of William IV, (by which the cemetery was sanctioned in 1832,) and requested, therefore, to walk on the gravel walks and not to pull the flowers; while another placard intimated that I was forbidden to scrape my shoes on gravestones or monuments. What must be the habits of a people who need such prohibitions in such a scene? "Pray, if you please, do not commit sacrilege; do not be guilty of indecency and mockery among and on the mansions of your departed fellow creatures." It is true, however, that this spot is somewhat of a favourite resort for a gentle drive; also for pro-

menades of children, school marches (spoken of as exercise) of great girls in great amplitude of garments, and even for pleasure parties, and sight-seeing of a lower class. To these groups I am sure I might, from appearances, add several pairs in earnest courtship, notwithstanding they pretended, now and then, to gaze on a family vault and read the inscription. They were, as it appeared to me, not thinking of that family below. With rightly directed spirit, however, I could not object to this; and the house of mourning might prove to many a better scene for earnest thoughts of life than companionship in the house of mirth and revelry.

Revolting from the path to which the board was affixed, I struck off to the left—an unconsecrated division, where dissenters, and foreigners of all nations, find a common home. My old friend Dwarkanauth Tagore, a virtuous and learned Hindu, who turned to Deism, lay close at hand; and next, a large stone hut, to contain the body of "a lamented wife," with the dubious prayer, "*May she rest in peace*;" which is susceptible of a different meaning from the "*Requiescat in pace*," so absurdly represented by R. I. P. in newspaper obituaries and on tombs. Flowers are as profusely planted here as elsewhere. There is one small Italic red cross with an unintelligible inscription: "Bad, Wola, Twoja." Another epitaph puzzles the reader: it is "A Terra Lhe ceja Leve;" and on the catacomb, the name of the late Alderman Harmer is conspicuous.

Passing into the principal walks, and conning their lessons right and left, it is impossible to describe the various emotions which are awakened by the rapid transition of ideas, all of a sombre nature, yet so strangely commingled with other images and reflections, as to render the alternations somewhat extraordinary and even painful. In juxtaposition with a faithful and beloved friend, are laid the bones of one whom you knew as false and hostile. Here is one mound you could steep in tears; there is another, in the contemplation of which even Christian charity fails to restrain a sense of indignity. Here, with a simple tribute, the kindest and warmest of hearts has ceased to throb; there, the pompous monument lavishes lies upon the head of the usurer and grinder of the poor. There are many whom I knew living; some, whose memories I revere and regret; some, of whom I would say nothing, in spite of the provocation of their epitaphs, now they are dead and have ceased from troubling.

"I pass, with melancholy sloto;

By all these solemn heaps of fate;

And think, as soft and sad I tread

Above the venerable dead,

'Time was, like me, they life possessed;

And time will be when I shall rest."

Let us walk on; and he that walks may read. "Smirnov," Chaplain to the Russian Embassy, aged 85, a good man; and "König," of the British Museum, who was unhappy before he died. A butterfly has just settled on his name. Are these insect eidolons of natural science, or embodiments of spirits, lent, like the elder Hamlet, to revisit the glowing sunshine, not "the glimpses of the moon?"

Numbers, white and golden, are flitting about; my imagination follows them: the white belong to the pure, the golden to the rich. Grub and imago: every species might represent a human prototype.

And some of the earliest slabs are hereabout—1834-37-39—that is almost a generation, above twenty years ago. They look dingy; lichens overspread them. The grass is straggly about them. The flowers have died too. The evergreens have faded into dry branches. There are exceptions; but alas! Time has effaced a great deal more than what is visibly defaced can convey to the pondering mind. The clay, or loam, is of a very tenacious kind, to the utmost depth, and the secrets, whatever they are, will be kept. One upright stone is inscribed "Caroline," and the ground about is much neglected, but the date is twenty-three years ago.

Soon we arrive at another grand entrance, and it is fronted by one of the more remarkable sepulchral exhibitions which illustrate the Kensal Green. It attracts every traveller along the turnpike road to Harrow, and is dedicated "To Her." Sister Viator to ask who is "Her." A marble medallion portrait, in antique costume, with Brussels lace, (the sculpture is all from Brussels,) denies to tell; but go round, and in the pyramidal frame you will see, under an oval glass, an artist's palette and immortelles, and below, in the solid stone, the required information that "To Her" means "To the memory of Madame Soyer. England gave her birth, Genius immortality!" attested by the initials "A. S." (Soyer) our lately lost cook of Crimean fame; a singular character, but by no means without good points, and whose remains are no doubt deposited there, though his epitaph is yet unwritten. Close by is J. Silk Buckingham, aged sixty-nine, and after life's fitful fever he sleeps well. His tomb is sweetly tended; and this is something, four years after being planted; that is to say, if done by pious hands: but I am afraid that nearly all the turning of graves, and planting of graves, are done by contract with the Company, viz., the former at half-a-crown a year, or four guineas in perpetuity, the latter at per annum a guinea, and in perpetuity ten. The particular inference is disheartening, though the general effect is pleasing. I will exemplify my meaning by a little tale of *Perè la Chaise*, which touched me when I heard it. A sister of one of two companion Parisian sempstresses died, and was, as usual, laid in that half mournful, half fantastic cemetery, and her lowly bed decorated with flowers. The sister had to leave the capital, but desired, and got a promise from her bosom friend, that she would do her duty with the floral memorials till she returned. Years elapsed. She did return, but could obtain no intelligence about the cherished comrade of her youth. She went to the grave; it was in beautiful condition, fresh with perennials of glistening foliage. A thought struck her. I will watch on the anniversary of the funeral. She was there, and her lovingly sought friend was there too, to renew the offering "in perpetuity" (henceforward together), with the girl she had left, now a wife and a mother, sacred alike to human virtues and holy sympathies. The sympathy of the heart is too deep a feeling to be worthily

expressed by proxy. Under unavoidable circumstances, however, substitution is better than total neglect.

Pardon me, reader, for my single digression, and accompany me again, though I lead you to remote parts, in order to associate, as it were, a few of the "remarkable" monuments of the Soyer description. They were sorts of advertisements; and if there are such things as posthumous advertisements in our philosophy, they are advertisements to this good hour. A massive structure preserves on a bronze door the title and merits of Morison, the Hygeist; and for a mausoleum, it is so huge among the rest, that it might well be observed—One pill is a dose.\* John St. John Long has one of the best designs in the cemetery, by Sievier, (what has become of Sievier, a man of great talent and high art?) with a long inscription, concluding, as it were ironically or treacherously, "Read his name *without comment*." Now, St. John Long was an extraordinary character—a compound, half ignorance, half genius; and the medical world, that wished to hang the charlatan, has not despised the recognition of his principles. *Vis-à-vis* is the masterpiece of Duerow, the Margaret of which Mephistopheles of the Circus died at the age of thirty-nine, and is thus applauded:—

"Beloved wife, thy spirit to heavenly vastness flies,  
Though here thy mouldering form in mouldering silence lies;  
A sorrowing husband still *shakes* the parting tear,  
That silent drops, till death has brought him here."

In despite of grammar, this is dramatic, and, though flanked by bronze sphynxes, tolerably intelligible; and since done, Andrew himself has been "brought here," as the opposite side testifies; where, amid more broken columns, (not of newspapers,) is tossed a brigand hat and feather, in marble; and we are assured that the death of the wearer of the original beaver, from which the stone was modelled, "deprived the arts and sciences of an eminent professor and liberal patron"—two angels in basso relievo, and a beehive, hanging above as witnesses. Over the entrance are clouds of pancakes, with a lady resting upon them, and a horse so atrociously vile in the hind quarters, that I am convinced he could not get on in the circle, even with the wings liberally allowed by the sculptor.

I may appear to write satirically on this branch of my subject; but the deplorable absence of all genuine art, or grandeur of feeling, throughout the cemetery, are grievous blemishes, where so much of a superior kind might tend to elevate and improve the beholder. The repetitions of broken columns, draped urns, and other common-places, are quite pitiable; and such devices as the representation of a huge marble hour-glass, or a horse with a child at its near foot, are quaint enough to divert us from the healthier inspiration of the surrounding objects. But altogether there is very little absolutely ludicrous to be discovered, and sufficient good taste has prevailed to preserve decorum and the fit attributes of the place.

[To be continued.]

\* "Nec present domino, quæ present omnibus artes."

"No longer his all-healing art avails,  
But every remedy its master fails."

## THAT TWO POUNDS!

It was odd, very odd; reckon it up this way or that way, or in whatever way I might, the result was just the same—I had two pounds more than I could account for. I went over the whole quarter's receipts again, to see if something had not been omitted, but everything was quite right. "Ha! what's this? It looks like a scratching out; and yet it can't be, for I never use a penknife." So I held the leaf up to the light and scanned it closely, and then, turning it over, scrutinized it again. "It certainly does look very much like an erasure; but no, it's only a little roughness on the surface of the paper." I was completely puzzled. It was quite possible for me to have too little; but to have two pounds too much—I could not understand that at all. "Well," I said to myself, "it's better at any rate than having a couple of pounds too little." Still, the idea of there being a mistake somewhere made me feel very uncomfortable.

I had been busy preparing my accounts, in order to present them to my employers in the morning, for the morrow was quarter-day, and I knew that in nothing could a clerk offend so much as by being wrong in his balance. So I thought a little, and then determined to consult Jackson, our managing clerk. I was very young at the time—not more than twenty; and, having been in the establishment only a few months, I knew but little of his character. He was exceedingly attentive to business; but there were some vague floating rumours going the round of the place, which accredited him with anything but a steady life. But he had always been very civil and even kind to me; and so, in my dilemma, I sought his advice. He went over my accounts with me, but could detect nothing wrong.

"Well, Watson," he said, "you are on the right side now, and, if you take my advice, you will keep there. Just pocket the money, and say nothing about it."

Seeing that I demurred, he continued: "Of course, you can do as you please; but I know this much, if you were that two pounds short, you would have to make it up in quick time."

I was again about to make my objections to this mode of procedure, when I was cut short by a salesman, who came to say that Mr. Jackson was wanted in the sale-room. As he strode away, Jackson turned round and said: "I'll see you about it again, Watson; in the meantime, you need not mention it to any one."

I saw no more of him till my labours were done for the day, and I was reaching my hat down from its peg, when he tapped me over the shoulder. "One word, Watson, before you go: if ever it should be found out where the mistake lies, I will make it all right for you. Good night."

That night the two pounds were ever before me. The last thing I remember before falling asleep was thinking of the two pounds; I slept, and dreamt of two pounds. In the morning, whilst at breakfast, I laid the whole affair before my mother and asked her counsel.

"Give up the money, of course."



"But you see, mother, I am afraid it would offend Jackson, he seems so much to wish me to hush it up."

"Never mind Jackson; do what is right, and I am sure it will be better for you in the end. Tell Mr. Elliott (the head partner) how it is, and I am certain he won't be angry."

I ate the remainder of my meal in silence; for, whilst I did not wish to make an enemy of Jackson, who could, if he pleased, make my situation very unpleasant, I had strong compunctions about keeping the money. Breakfast was over, and, as I was leaving home, my mother took hold of my hand and said: "Promise me, Henry, before you go, that you will give up the money."

I hesitated.

"Surely, Henry, you would not steal?"

*Steal!* never. And I promised at once.

Jackson found no time to speak to me that morning, being engaged with Mr. Elliott; but when, in my turn, I entered the private office, I saw him cast an inquiring glance towards me.

"This seems all right, Watson," said Mr. Elliott, after looking over my account; "have you anything else?"

"Yes, sir, I have still two pounds, of which I am unable to give any account."

"Strange! are you sure that you have missed nothing?"

"Quite, sir; I have been over everything several times, and last night Mr. Jackson was kind enough to assist me."

"It's strange; but you can put the money back into your safe, and I dare say it will be found out before the next quarter is up. And, by the by, Watson, I intend to raise your salary; Holloway is going to leave, and I wish you to take his place."

I thanked him, and heartily too; for twenty pounds a-year was no small increase at our house.

"Let me see; I think, Jackson, he had better begin to-morrow."

"Yes, sir; it will be most convenient."

"You hear, Watson; I believe there's nothing more; good morning."

There was joy in our house that night, and on the morrow I went forth with a light heart, to take possession of Holloway's stool.

And now, dear reader, just take a jump over the next three years. Jackson was still in his place; but I had risen step by step, until I occupied a post inferior only to that held by himself. The mystery attached to my two pounds had never been unravelled, and they still reposed peacefully in my safe. I and Jackson got on very well together; but there was one thing which I could not understand. For a few nights before quarter-day, Jackson always, under some pretence or other, took the books home with him; but, as I did not consider it my place to interfere, I said nothing.

It was the quarter-day at the end of the three years of which I have spoken, and I was assisting Mr. Elliott in examining the account of one of the junior clerks, whose ledger exhibited a glaring deficiency of thirty pounds odd. The youth was not the brightest in the world, and for a time he seemed stunned. But he was sure it must be some mis-

take of mine; his cash was all right three days ago; and he took the book to see for himself. The result was the same—deficit, thirty pounds odd. Again he went over it, and I could see the big drops of sweat roll down his face as he again came to the same horrible conclusion—deficit, thirty pounds odd. A third time he essayed to reconcile the difference; but, suddenly stopping short, he turned to Mr. Elliott and cried, "These are not my figures, sir."

"Then whose are they?"

"I don't know, sir; they are not mine; look, sir, something has been scratched out here."

"Umph! So there has. Has the ledger ever been out of your care?"

"No, sir—that is, yes—twice."

"When?"

"Last night and the night before."

"Who had it?"

"Mr. Jackson."

"Then call Mr. Jackson up here."

He came. "Mr. Jackson," said Mr. Elliott, "there's an error in Brown's account: something appears to have been scratched out; and as I understand you have had his ledger the last two nights, I thought perhaps you could explain it."

Jackson turned deadly pale, and, bending down to hide the ghastly hue of his countenance, he pretended to examine the figures.

Yes, there had been an erasure; but he could explain it. He had a private memorandum in his desk; he would fetch it.

Ten minutes went by, but Jackson did not return. "Watson," said Mr. Elliott, "will you go and say that I shall be pleased if Mr. Jackson will come here immediately."

I went, but could not find him.

"Osborne," I asked of a porter, "have you seen Mr. Jackson?"

"Yes, sir, he went out about ten minutes ago."

"Went out?"

"Yes, sir, he came down-stairs looking very white, and, taking his hat, he said he felt rather ill and would get a little air."

I went back and told Mr. Elliott.

"Oh!" was all he uttered; and then, turning on his heel, he motioned for us to follow. He first went to Osborne, who repeated his story again, and then he crossed to Jackson's desk, which was locked. A smith was sent for, and the lock forced.

"Mr. Watson," said Mr. Elliott, taking out Jackson's books (he had never called me Mr. Watson before), "will you come with me to my private room? I shall want you for a few minutes."

That few minutes expanded into hours; and the discovery of embezzlements by Jackson, to the extent of several hundred pounds, was the result of our labour. These frauds extended over several years; and, by a curious coincidence, the very first of them was connected with my two pounds—the last, of course, with Brown's thirty pounds odd. Need I say that Jackson was never heard of again?

That night I walked home as the managing clerk of the firm of Elliott and Co., and never since have I forgotten the lesson taught me by my two pounds.

## VARIETIES.

**COTTON SUPPLY.**—During the year 1860, the world's cotton market was supplied with 5,524,000 bales of cotton. Of this quantity, America supplied 4,675,700 bales, or 84½ per cent. of the whole; Brazil supplied 103,300 bales, or 2 per cent.; Egypt, 135,160 bales, or 2½ per cent.; West Indies, 9800 bales; East Indies, 600,000 bales, or 11 per cent. As regarded the last item, the cotton from the East Indies was very inferior, and incapable of being used by three-fourths of the trade, and therefore they could not rely upon that 11 per cent. as being useful to the wants of the whole trade. Now, as to the stock of cotton we usually had on hand. For the last eight years, from 1852 to 1860, the average stock, not only in Liverpool, but in the hands of the trade, was equal to only fifteen weeks' supply. The last eight years, notwithstanding that the last two crops had been excessive, showed an average stock on hand lower than at any former period in the history of the trade.—*The Cotton Supply Reporter*.

**PRESIDENT JACKSON AND SOUTH CAROLINA.**—The 1st of February, 1833, the day appointed for the nullification of the tariff laws to take effect, was drawing alarmingly near. Meanwhile the military posts in South Carolina were filling with troops of the United States, and a naval force was anchored off Charleston. The Carolinians continued their military preparations. Fair fingers were busier than ever in making palmetto cockades; and, it is said, a red flag, with a black lone star in the centre, was adopted as the ensign of some of the volunteer regiments. Nullifying steamboats and hotels, it is also reported, exhibited the flag of the United States with the stars downward. When the proclamation of Governor Hayne reached Washington, the President forthwith replied to it by asking Congress for an increase of powers adequate to the impending collision. The message in which he made this request, dated January 16th, 1833, gave a brief history of events in South Carolina, and of the measures hitherto adopted by the administration; repeated the arguments of the recent proclamation, and added others; stated the legal points involved, and asked of Congress such an increase of executive powers as would enable the Government, if necessary, to close ports of entry, remove threatened custom-houses, detain vessels, and protect from State prosecution such citizens of South Carolina as should choose, or be compelled, to pay the obnoxious duties. Mr. Calhoun, the leader of the South Carolinians, at first counselled resistance; but afterwards, overawed by the firm attitude of General Jackson, supported the compromise proposed by Mr. Clay.—*Life of President Jackson*.

**ORIGIN OF "THE SINNER'S FRIEND."**—The most important work of his (Mr. J. Vine Hall) life was the publication of "The Sinner's Friend." He delighted in daily perusing "Bogatzky's Golden Treasury." One morning the thought occurred, that what was so profitable to him, might be so to others who could not afford to purchase the book. So he resolved to extract some of his favourite portions, and print them in a tract for gratuitous distribution. To this he wrote an introduction, with the well-known address—"Sinner, this little book is for you." Two thousand were printed and given away. Applications poured in, and another edition was issued. Pious friends then insisted that they should bear part of the expense. Thus the tract became public, and soon acquired a very large circulation. One by one he withdrew the passages from Bogatzky, and inserted others of his own, until the entire tract, with the exception of "A Word to the Poor," could claim him as the author. Edition followed edition. Translations of it were made into nearly thirty languages. The Religious Tract Society adopted it, and also that of America. Nearly two millions of copies are now in circulation. Its usefulness has been unprecedented. For many years, and from all quarters, testi-

mony to this effect was poured on its author. Rich and poor, learned and ignorant, have alike, through its instrumentality, been led to Christ. Hundreds of most interesting cases came to the knowledge of its author, and numberless letters have been written by him to persons seeking spiritual advice and consolation. What is the secret of its power? Its directness—its plainness of speech—its exaltation of Christ—its obvious earnestness and sincerity—its intense love for the souls of men. But other books have had such features without such success. The true secret is—the earnest prayer with which every edition was printed, every copy circulated. Its author from the first sought the Lord's help, and consecrated the book to him. Since his decease, a copy of the French edition has been found among his papers, on which he has written, "Dedicated July 15, 1839." It may be inferred that, by a special act of devotion, he consecrated to God every new version of his book, and that, in whatever language it is read, the prayers of the writer are bringing down heavenly influences on the perusal of it. He was recently reminded how often we had seen copies of the book stuck in hedges, with the first page open to attract the attention of any who might pass along. "Yea," said he, "and every copy was stuck there with a prayer."—*Memoir of the late John Vine Hall, by his Son, the Rev. Newman Hall*.

**GARIBALDI.**—Garibaldi in person, as usual, was ever in the thickest of the fray, cigar *en bouche*, and walking-stick in hand, cheering his guides and Genoese carabinieri, his kind and benevolent features bearing their usual happy expression, as if he were on a day's excursion, rather than leading a death-struggle on which the fate of his country depended. Strongly but symmetrically built, and of middle stature, this Paladin of Italy is chiefly distinguished from his followers by his unassuming manner and aspect. Though dressed somewhat in sailor fashion, with a red shirt, grey trousers, wideawake, and loose bandana flowing over his shoulders, his appearance is scrupulously clean and neat, and his manner gentlemanly, though genial. There is something most winning and honest in his address, and you are at once impressed with the conviction that you are face to face with a man whose word would be his bond, and upon whose guidance, either by sea or land, you would implicitly rely.—*Captain Forbes' "Campaign in the Two Sicilies."*

**CHRISTIAN CANDOUR AND CHARITY.**—It was an inviolable maxim with Dr. Doddridge, (says his earliest biographer, Mr. Job. Orton, quoting the Doctor's own words,) "never to condemn his brethren as having forfeited all title to the name of Christian, because their creeds or confessions of faith did not come up to the standard of his own; yea, he thought that if it were a matter that seemed of so great importance as to give some room to suspect that the mistake was fatal, (which surely nothing can be which does not greatly affect men's temper toward God and each other,) even that consideration should engage us to gentleness and tenderness, rather than severity, if, peradventure, we may remove their prejudices."—*Dr. Doddridge's Sermons on Candour, in Tracts, vol. III, p. 219*.

**A THIEVING MOUSE.**—As you occasionally have anecdotes of the sagacity of animals, I send the following fact:—One winter evening I was sitting quietly after dinner, when my attention was attracted by a mouse, which ran across the room, up the trimming of the curtain, along the curtain pole, till it came to the chain upon which a bird cage was suspended. It then ran down the chain to the cage, and, after helping itself liberally to the bird's food, which was hanging outside the cage, it returned the way it came, and disappeared down its hole. This was repeated every evening for some days, till at last I had it killed, as the bird was terrified at its strange visitor.—H. I. E.